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NO. 57.

MRS. SPRIGGLE.

A Southwestern Sketch.

Not a week later Mrs. Spriggle presented herself again at Briarley. The black dress had suffered visibly from contact with muddy roads from the way. The black sun-bonnet was limp and rustier than ever. Their wearers dropped into a chair and crossed her hands dejectedly on her knees. "Hecck! we done heered 'bout my gal bet'n married," she said without raising her eyes from the floor.

"Yes," I was much surprised to hear it, the mistress replied. "She must be very young."

"Yes, she is to be young, is she?" goin' on fifteen. But law, I was married at thirteen—I was so!"

She looked up quickly, but catching an expression of disapproval on the mistress's face she cast her eyes again upon the floor.

"The wust on it is," continued she, "he ain't got a cent, nor he can't make one, nuther."

"Why did you let your daughter take him, then?"

"Well, he come a-dawldin' round sis, an' he'd allus a powder-horn a-hangin' on to him; I just fowed he'd a gun, and could keep his in coons an' possums. She's a master-hand at fresh meat, is my gal! He scraped up two dollars somehow to get the license with-em to pay the preacher; but I don't reckon he'll be any more."

"Not earn any more!" cried the mistress incredulously. "What is the matter that he can't work and support your daughter properly?"

Mrs. Spriggle pushed back her bonnet and crossed her knees before she answered. Then she shook her head mournfully.

"I never found out," she said, "till they was done married, as now he'd nary gun at all—nothin' but a powder horn. And," with a gesture of disgust, "he's the powerfullest no-account critter ye ever did see."

"You must feel badly to let your daughter go away with such a man."

"Oh, law, she ain't gone! Did you think he had any house to put her in? Why, don't ye know! They's a-livin' to home with me."

This amazing piece of intelligence nearly took away the mistress's breath. Before she could reply, Mrs. Spriggle continued—

"What's did's did? Tain't no use fussin', I reckon."

"But how could you let her marry him without knowing more about him than you did?"

"Well, it's flyin' in the face o' Providence not to take up with a husband when he comes along." She glanced up appealingly as she spoke. "Gals can't get a good husband every day—they can't so!"

"But," said the mistress, "it seems he is not a good husband."

Mrs. Spriggle's face, which had brightened slightly, took on a gloomier hue, and she pulled the black bonnet down over it.

"That's so," she assented tearfully. "He's wuss than nary husband. That's, I do say. But," as she rose to go, "maybe he could catch rabbits, if he knew how to make a trap, now! I must be gettin' along."

A Singular Story From Hartford.

The story of a Hartford gentleman who lost \$100 in bills, and remembering that he had had the money last at his butcher's, went there to learn that just after he had left a man came to the shop to make a purchase. He felt in his pocket as if he had lost something. Then looking down he saw a roll of bills on the floor, picked it up and counted it. There was just \$100, and from it he paid for what he had bought. A week later the second person returned the \$100 to first, with the following strange explanation: On the day referred to he had been out to Windsor to collect some money, and in his haste to return to Hartford thrust it, \$100 in bills, as he supposed, into his vest pocket. When he went into the market above referred to, he naturally felt for his money, and missing it, looked around for it, and saw the roll on the floor, which he supposed was his own. He had used it during the week, and only that day had he put on his working coat. While at work he wanted a match, and in feeling through the pockets of his coat, to his astonishment found the \$100 he put there instead of into his vest pocket. As soon as was possible he went to the market to see if any one had lost that sum of money, and this led to a general settling all around. He did not know at that time that he had been suspected of the theft, and did not imagine that he was in danger of arrest.

One Inch of Land.

From the New York Sun.

The contest between the Equitable Life Insurance Company and the heirs of the Schermerhorn estate over an inch of ground at the rear of the Schermerhorn property on Nassau street, at the end of a wing of the Equitable building, was continued before Judge Van Brunt. The case has been at issue since February, 1877. Within a year Alfred W. Craven, the well-known ex-engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Department, died in London, and Alfred Schermerhorn, another defendant, also died, and there remains of the original defendants only John Schermerhorn.

For the candles, fairs, etc., go to Burdard & McClelland's, Commercial Row.

Signals for Deep Mines.

Virginia Chronicle.

T. A. Edison and John H. Burnell, a New York electrician, are engaged in trying to devise a system of signals between the lower levels of a mine and the engineer on the surface; also, sending signals from a cage while ascending a shaft. Mr. Edison is of the opinion that they will be able to do all that is required. In the meantime I. E. James, Superintendent of the Yellow Jacket which is apparently very simple and effective. His idea is to run a gas pipe from top to bottom of the shaft, the upper end terminating in a microphone placed alongside of the engineer. On the side of the cage is to be carried in a suitable scabbard, a piece of iron rod of a convenient length, to be used in striking upon the gas pipe. Even now, without any microphone or other sounding arrangement, the miners are in the habit of signaling long distances upon the iron pipes through which compressed air is conveyed by striking upon them with a hammer.

Where is Hell?

From very early times the question of the locality of hell has engaged the attention of theologians. Some of the primitive fathers, borrowing a hint from Virgil, maintained that it was in the interior of the earth, saw in Vesuvius and Etna the gates of the pit, and heard issuing thence the wails of the damned. Later divines have been rather shy of subscribing to this opinion, some of them going so far as to insinuate that hell is not a place at all, but merely a state of spiritual existence. Still more recently, a bold speculator, fresh from the hearing or reading of one of Prof. Proctor's lectures, has advanced the hypothesis that the sun as described by the Professor—a seething, roaring furnace, hotter and noisier than the human imagination can conceive—presents all the conditions for an abode of the lost.

But all of these speculations may now be dismissed. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Freeman's Journal*, announces that Satan's seat is in Massachusetts.

Cinchona Bark.

There are now two kinds of drunkenness, continuous and periodical. Either kind may be termed in all respects, a disease. That it is such is proved by the one fact—afflicted parties are frequently compelled to drink against their will or better judgment. Nothing will restrain them; neither the prayers of friends, the tearful entreaties of wives and children, nor the imminent ruin of their private affairs.

The principal predisposing cause of drunkenness is a sanguine temperament, a strong irascible nervous system. Daily observation shows that men excelling in body and mind are more disposed to drunkenness than those of feeble habits. Those weaklings affected with headaches after drinking rarely become drunkards.

THE CURE—CINCHONA BARK.

Cinchona bark was introduced into Europe about the year 1658, but it was not until about 1777 that the plant producing it was known to naturalists. In that year, a French man, on a journey to Lima, Peru, had the opportunity of examining the tree, a description of which (upon his return to Paris) he published in the *Memoirs of the French Academy*. So on thereafter, Linnaeus, the botanist, gave it the name of "Cinchona Officinalis," in honor of the Countess of Cinchon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, who had been healed miraculously (as the *Femina* of the day believed) by drinking from a pool of water into which the top of one of these trees, blown down by the wind, had fallen.

Cinchona stands at the head of all tonics. When taken into the stomach a pure tincture of it usually excites in a short time a warmth which diffuses itself over the whole body. After some moments have elapsed the circulation experiences its influence, as exhibited in the somewhat increased frequency of the pulse; and, after a few doses are given at regular intervals, the whole system becomes more or less beneficially affected, and all the functions undergo a moderate degree of excitement. Its action upon the nervous system is often evinced by a sense of tension, or fullness or slight pain in the head, singing in the ears, etc.; overdoing brings partial temporary weakness. But besides the mere excitation of the ordinary functions of health, it produces other effects upon the system, which must be considered peculiar and independent of its mere tonic operation. That power by which, when administered in the intervals between the paroxysms of a disease it interrupts the progress of the malady, is something more than what is understood by the tonic property; for no other substance, however powerful of permanent may be the excitement which it produces, exercises a control over periodical affections at all comparable to Cinchona.

In all periodical diseases, such as occasional "spreading" and agues, there are intervals of rest or freedom from the effects of the train of morbid actions going on in the recesses of the nervous system, and but one remedy is known which has the power during this intermission of preventing a return of the condition experienced prior to its administration. That remedy is Cinchona Bark. Exactly how it does this has not yet been satisfactorily explained; but that it does it has been acknowledged for over a hundred years. Indeed, all well-read and experienced medical men admit that Cinchona has this wonderful anti-periodic property. Prepared and sold by Dr. R. D'Unger, Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois.

The ladies of Reno and vicinity are invited to call and see the Large and Splendid assortment of Toilet and Fancy articles just received from New York by Osburn & Shoemaker, which they are selling at greatly reduced prices.

If any one wants Diamonds or Gems, let them call on I. Fredericks. Any order for over one hundred dollars will be filled at ten per cent above cost.

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Annual Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

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ember 10th, 1879 at 7 o'clock P. M. at the office

of the company at the Reno Savings Bank,

for the purpose of electing Trustees for the

ensuing year and such other business as may

come before the meeting.

1879-1880 M. LIPPMAN, Secretary.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF

J. N. Stone, deceased. All persons hold-

ing claims against the above estate, are her-

by requested to present the same to the un-

derigned at the law office of Webster &

